



Forever float that standard sheet—
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

THE GOVERNMENT OF GOD, OUR
GROUND OF REJOICING.

A SERMON
Preached on Thanksgiving Day, at the Baptist Church,
BY REV. CHAS. L. THOMPSON.

Psalm XXVII. 1st verse. The Lord reigneth; let
the earth rejoice.

Once more the sun, Time's flaming
index, has swept on its scintillating path
around the star-gemmed dial of the universe. For-
ward through the weeks and months and
years, with an unobscured motion, and the
strength of God's right arm for its weight,
that clock, whose measured wheels fly
timidly, has measured off one more
cycle of time; and, beneath yonder eternal
dial of the earth, like a mighty pendulum,
has swung through the dead leaves of last
autumn, up to the ice-bound halls of winter,
back again, with brightening sweep, through
dashes of spring, forward into the warmth
and fruitfulness of summer; and now once
more, with rapid movement, back through
leafless boughs and withered fields, it bears
us toward the falling flakes and cutting
blasts. Oh! how to the mystic beat of a
million suns, is Time traveling upward to
Eternity. How swift is the motion of the
pointer, and short the swing of the pen-
dulum. How, like a splendid lightning-bolt,
it springs, roses glowing upon the cheek
of summer, and dabbles gave the hectic flush
of the dying year. From the wing of the
dazzling sun there fell a green robe, which
changed into golden sheen, and then dashed
in a score of colors upon the plains and hills.

And so through beauty unutterable, in a
chariot, whose star-whorls flame like the
Prophet's ascension chariot, whose plumes
are the changing tints of field and forest,
and whose steeds are the mighty laws that
bear a union onward in its sublime mis-
sion, we have been carried one year nearer
to the unfading verdure—the evergreen
fields of the land beyond the sky. And
now, for one day, we pause before the full
altar of the year to offer up our gratitude
and praise before the God of harvest. We
come, let us trust, as a thankful band—
summoned by our President, our Governor,
our executive proclamation, let us believe that
an executive proclamation is merely to give
uniformity of time, and that always the
ground of our thanksgiving is the good-
ness of God. To stimulate our gratitude,
to call forth our trust, and encourage our
faith, I direct your attention to the familiar
and glorious fact of a reigning God,
above the fluctuations of seasons, above
the commotions of time, and urge this fact
as the only rational, the only abiding
ground of rejoicing. Oh! if upon our
feeble intellect there could dawn but one
tint of the wondrous meaning clasped in
this golden locket of truth, how the shades
of our fears and doubts would flee
away, and joy, deep, serene as floods of
dawn, break up our heavens.

The first point to which we invite
attention is the very common, yet very profound
fact, that the Lord reigneth over the physical
world.

Not for a moment let us think of this
world as a conglomeration of rocks and
sand and seas. It is an organism, whose
vital power is God. It is an organic agent,
all whose powers are expressive of the will
of God.

Not in a theological, but in a literal
sense of the word, we are *Panteists*—for
all this magnificent cosmogony is an out-
going of the mind and purpose of Jehovah,
—so that every clod of earth is a mute
but true expression of some portion of
Divine intelligence. We preach a material
Providence, one which overlooks no
hill, no valley of the great world—a Provi-
dence that guides every clod in its mis-
sion to a thrifty and useful end in its
course through the fields it irrigates, over
back hills of light that have gladdened
our experience and if shadows there be,
Heaven sent, let us tread them too, and
rejoice that the Lord reigns over all our
lot; I say it the shadows are *Heaven sent*,
for let us acknowledge that many a shade
of life is of our own creating; merely the
shadow of self when we have stood in the
way of the sunlight. Oh! Providence is
better to us than we are to ourselves.
Many a man whose appetite for a thanksgiv-
ing dinner is impaired by indigestion, in-
stead of complaining of the afflictions of
Providence or talking about resignation,
should walk six miles before breakfast, and
he will learn he is charging the Lord with
many an item that should have been charged
to his indolence. Oh! believe it not
that the Lord reigns among the children of
men to make of them a poor, withered, puny,
effeminate company of resigned or
grumbling invalids. The highest idea of
Christianity to our minds is not that of a
vast caravan of infirm ones, suffering from
all kinds of self-imposed maladies, crooked,
round-shouldered, emaciated, by dyspepsia,
whitened by confinement, groaning under
every variety of indigestion, resigning
saying as they sink to early graves. "The
Lord reigneth." It is good to be afflicted.
No doubt it is good to be afflicted when the
Lord sends the affliction, but there is no
more Christianity in being resigned to blows
which we give ourselves, than there is in
lacerations which beaaten devotes inflict
upon their bodies.

We hear a good deal about "muscular
Christianity." Let us reverse the terms.
Christian muscularity is a noble grace.
Consider for which part of man is reserved
the grand and awful inheritance of immor-
tality? For the soul merely; nay, for the
body also; our entire unbroken manhood is
on that sublime pilgrimage to the land be-
yond the stars; and the thought how great a
crime it is to cultivate faith, hope and
charity to the utter neglect and ruin of
muscle, nerve and sinew.

Let us be thankful if the Lord has taught
us rightly to esteem the *sacred mechanism*
of the flesh, and to strive to bring it under
the laws of his government. Happy are
we if we learn the boundary between what
we impose and what the Lord sends, for
the more perfect man or woman we are, in

etc, but if we learn the lessons which in-
nature would teach, we may get a sublimer
culture from blasted fields, not of material
wealth, but of repentance and large trust
in God.

There is always ground for thanksgiving,
when it lies not in fullness of harvest, it will
spring up from the ground which humble
faith has plowed, and from which the prom-
ises of God have burst forth in luxuriant
growth.

And while in our midst there no doubt
are those who must seek within for the
ground of rejoicing, we are thankful that
in our gathering to-day we can, as a com-
munity, as citizens of a prospered state,
take up the language of jubilee over a
bounteous earth and propitious and health-
ful skies. Now, if ever, we will "enter his
gates with thanksgiving, and his courts
with praise." For glance back over the
golden sheen of the summer that is past.
When the warm spring sun, God's ambas-
sador to the fields, came—there was a power
in his beams beneath which the dark
clouds thrilled, and burst, and blossomed.
The fields responsive to the hand of man
pushed forth the green leaf, the stem, the
tassel, the golden ear and the bearded
grain. Man had done his part, and he
waited while God, with the silent energy
of his laws, was evoking a generous har-
vest from the bosom of earth. The usual
number of frosty nights, and swarms of
flies, and scurrying ranks of insects, were
trist (like chilling prognostics) in the
way of the growing fields, by prophets of
evil omen—but on it came, falsifying all
prophecy, bent on being good to man,
whether man held out his hands or not, how
or whether he knew it or not, and the whole
proceeding; on it came, rustling in
pride on every hill, jostling in fullness in
every valley, spreading out a panorama
that was glorious beyond description. Be-
hold how wide the golden gates of the years
autumnal glory have opened—how there
have been heaped up to us the fruits that
have germinated, matured and ripened by
the sunshine and rain which a merciful
God gave us. To him belongs the praise
of all this munificence. We bless him to-
day for these temporal mercies. We join
hands around our harvest altar to thank
him that no early frosts, no blighting winds,
no prolonged drouth were permitted to
blast our hopes, to turn us with a breath
our blooming acres to acres of desolation.
Behold, we remember God when he smites
us. We bow before him: when he sweeps
away our crops or cuts them early down.
Shall our hearts be less sensitive when he
comes with quivering voice of blessings.
Not in the whirlwind, but in the sweet
whispers of mercy, when he speaks to our
hearts—in the opening bud that was
doubled on every twig—in the young blade
that rustled in verbal breezes—in the
broader voice of great prairies full of prom-
ise, and still again in the grand choral of
reapers that called to each other from hill
to hill. Oh! let not God's goodness harden
us, but let its golden voice call us to re-
pentance and praise.

Rising now above the physical world,
let us accept this fact, the Lord reigneth
over our personal life and experience. God
brings in nature, the days and nights whereby he
makes up our earthly years, and he is
not physical type, but our personal life,
wherein lights and shadows, joys and sor-
rows, are mingled.

God in nature is typical of God in ex-
perience. God in the sunlight and storm
clouds, whereby he calls a harvest up from
the earth, is typical of God who, by the
light and dark threads of his Providence,
leads his people towards their highest exal-
tation. When our eyes are turned back
over the past, and we see life's withered
hope blossoms—or around upon the present,
and see life's many snares—or forward
into the future, and see life's unnumbered
possibilities—our only ground of comfort and
joy is in the fact of a hand above the clouds
above the sun, arranging with infinite wis-
dom the scenery of earth.

When a congregation gathers in a coun-
try convulsed with civil war, it must look
for higher ground than that of propitious
and joyful providences, it would rejoice
as one man. It must find some place
where joy and sorrow sweetly blend, mak-
ing one sublime picture of life, and there
offer its praise. And such a place is found
in the fact that the Lord reigneth.

And no doubt, all, even afflicted ones,
can find in the past year of life abundant
cause for gratitude. So also unthankful
ones who never see the brightness of Provi-
dence, may find enough to give the pitch
to most dolorous creaking.

But this is our jubilee, family, estate, na-
tional. To-day at least let no imaginary
bridges be thrown across invisible streams;
let no exposed misfortune cast imprec-
able shadows before; let no unseen sor-
rows, bereavements or calamities frighten
us by their spectres. We are here, not as
sad old prophets, but as thankgivers.
As the English lark, rising above the perils of
earth and storms of heaven, sings its im-
mature in the unclouded blue, so let us leave
dual mortality, its aches and sorrows behind,
and praise the God of the rolling year in
the clear azure of gratitude. To-day we
count over our mercies; we thread them
like pearls upon a string of prayer and say
"Oh! Lord, we thank thee." Let us tread
back hills of light that have gladdened
our experience and if shadows there be,
Heaven sent, let us tread them too, and
rejoice that the Lord reigns over all our
lot; I say it the shadows are *Heaven sent*,
for let us acknowledge that many a shade
of life is of our own creating; merely the
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the entire manhood and womanhood of
body, mind and soul, the more evidence will
our life afford of the merciful rule of our
Father who is in Heaven.

But thanksgiving of fields and balm
and healthful bodies, do not constitute the
whole expression of Divine Government.
Before we rise great fountains of grief against
which we cannot shut our eyes. The sor-
rows are part of the plan of God. A double
cord is binding us as a people into com-
mon brotherhood. Prosperity and suffering,
the bright winged and the shadowy angel,
keep guard around our feast. On every
thanksgiving shadows rest on some hearts,
but never before in our national history did
the two flying shuttles of joy and sorrow
divide so evenly the texture of life's fabric.
Many a vacant chair, to-day, to sink the
notes of rejoicing into the sigh of sadness.
Many thousands of noble sons and broth-
ers and husbands, self exiled from the do-
mestic circle are longing, oh, how sadly
and earnestly to join their voices in the ju-
bilee of home, and thousands more, instead
of sharing father's boards, fill patriot's
graves; while in many a home, thanksgiv-
ings rise in trembling notes and sorrowing
souls plead painfully for tears that will not,
cannot flow. Now are fulfilled the solemn
words

"There is no flock however watched or tended,
In all the land, that I have not provided for."
There is no flock however defended,
But has his shepherd there."

But lay the hand upon the troubled heart.
The cloud has a double face; the one side
drips with rain-drops of anguish, but the
other is gleaming with the light of Heaven;
"The Lord reigneth."

By any philosophy of nature widely ap-
peared, are the houses of mourning, and of
feasting. There is no common ground
upon which rejoicing and sorrowing ones
can stand side by side, and give, and receive
his tears, and the other his joy without dis-
sonance or incongruity. But far otherwise
on the high ground of christian trust in the
comprehensive providence of God. Be-
hold around this altar, side by side, heart
flowing into heart, blinding harmonious
voices in the accents of praise, and those
who have come up from widely different
scenes. Some from Beulah lands, where
the voice of the turtle is heard, and some
from Ramah and its wailing sounds, some
from Tabor, and its heavenly visions, and
others from Gethsemane, and its bloody
sweat, but here we stand together, and if
faith in a reigning God attunes our song,
the blended notes will float upward to the
throne, like one undivided and harmonious
column of incense. There are discords in
music that deepen and swell the harmony.
So the groans of that life whose inspira-
tion is *trust* do but lift the melody of joy into
its highest and grandest significance.

From views of the Divine government,
let us turn to a consideration of the wider
sweep which embraces a people. For this
is our National thanksgiving. Our coun-
try's afflictions, like the storm that lifts the
eagle into clearer light, are giving us a
larger horizon. Our vision to-day is not,
as in former days, bounded by Lake Michi-
gan and the Mississippi. We are elevated
to broader views. Over the mountains
eastward, over the mountains westward, we
see the billows of two oceans, and the bur-
den of our thoughts to-day must be the
government of God, that sweeps across a
continent. See how civil war drives us into
the unity of our nationality. On this first
day of our National thanksgiving, we are
reminded of the early defenders of truth in
the fastnesses of Scotland, or the mountain
caves of Switzerland. In days of prosper-
ity, from hills and valleys widely separated,
each family lifted separate prayers to their
father, God; but when storms of persecu-
tion came, they were driven into *one* cave,
where in sublime sympathy, side by side,
they lifted one voice, one soul to the God of
heaven. Oh! it is a grand sight, this
whirlwind of our sorrow lifting us out of
ourselves, our families, and our states, and
in its terrible insouciance, binding heart to
heart, and soul to soul, around the nation-
al altar.

And here we shall find the same ground
of rejoicing, as when we were in the nar-
rower circles of family and state interests,
viz; the fact of a reigning God. Let this
country but enter into a realization of the
Divine element in this problem of national
life and they are on a rock whence they
cannot be driven. For in this problem
there are two elements, the *human* and the
Divine. The one is man with his patriot-
ism and his force. The other is God with
the inevitable logic of principle. Now of
the human part of this struggle, we have
as a people, a just estimate. We think
with pride and confidence of the revolution-
ary fire that burns in our hearts, of the
patriotism that flows in our veins, and
pervues our stalwart arms, of the vast re-
sources of our government, its boundless
wealth, and its countless sons, of the dis-
interested patriotism, and the high wisdom
of its executive and legislative branches, and
therefore necessary, nor is this the time to
discuss these elements of our greatness,
and their bearing on our destiny. As
more in accordance with the spirit of the
day and as infinitely more consoling, and
joy giving, we point you to the divine
part of our struggle. For he who has view-
ed it from its earthly standpoint alone as
a vast aggregation of earthly forces under
direction of finite wisdom, has not reached
a comprehension of the sublimity of this
conflict, nor can such an one have
reached the highest ground of joy and con-
fidence, for our power though great is finite.
It is a variable quantity, but in the lan-
guage of mathematics "If a finite quantity
be multiplied by *infinity*, the product will
be infinite." If finite force be linked to
infinite principle, the result will be neither
variable, nor contingent, but infinite. It
remains then only to show that in this con-
flict there is a divine element and that it is
on the same side of the equation with the
human element.

God governs the world in the interests
of eternal righteousness. Through all the
revolutions of time there runs the inevita-
ble logic of our purpose, the final triumph
of the principle that underlies the resolu-
tion of Christ. Wildly and chaotically
under the apparent impulse of blind force,
the kingdoms of this world rise and fall,
and fall. Men see only the gleaming
steel, hear only the engines of battle, but
under these, subtle and divine is the pow-
er of God. It may not be that everlasting
conflict shall blacken the paths of the
nations. God works for an end, and stand-
ing through rising or falling dynasties per-
sues it, and that end is the establishment
of a kingdom for Jesus Christ. A king-
dom based on the truths that underlie the
gospel of Christ. This divine purpose we
may not always be able to follow. The
variations of the awful music of revolu-
tion are loud and deafening, but whether
heard or not, the simple melody of the di-
vine thought moves on. The refiner of
gold kindles fierce fires about his caldron,
letting the precious metal surge and toss un-
til its placid surface reflects his face. There
is pure. And around the vast caldron of hu-
man life, God lets the fire rage until the
dross is burned away and the lineaments
of his glorious nature are imperfectly at
least reflected from the sea.

And can we even now read what his final
purpose regarding the nation is. Turn
your visions back upon the changing
scenes of history.

Mark well the drift of ages gone,
Rise, bright and clear, from gloom
Slices truth with Jesus left the tomb
All ranks have tended toward one.

For humanity in its last and highest
stage, there is but one king and one rule,
that King is Christ, that rank is universal
brotherhood. And that nation which in its
life refuses to give at least an outward recog-
nition of this brotherhood, must go down
by the gravitation of a divine decree. Ar-
mies are great, and battlements are frost-
work, before the burning steps of this prin-
ciple of one *ness*, that has so long blacken-
ed the field of empire with its resistless
flame. And even now, in Italy on the Bos-
porus in Poland and in China, is not its
intense fire, fluidizing the granites of level
despotism and reducing them to the level
of a glorious brotherhood. The nations
are going through God's grand assimila-
ting process. Slowly, though mighty up-
heavals move the heaven of the brother-
hood of man. And until the harmony
of nations comes in the triumph
of this principle, it comes not at all.
The winter of Time's despotism has thrown
up many a hard and glittering iceberg
and fastened upon the rocks of life's high
points, many a brilliant glacier, but the
Sun of righteousness is coming, slow, sure
disolvent. The polar winter is ending, the
despotisms that crashed and groined
toward the night of years are gliding to-
ward the torrid seas, and melting down to
the laud of life's great ocean. And the gla-
ciers, cold and unapproachable, are slip-
ping from the mountains, their death grasp
is loosening, a few more degrees of solar as-
cension and down they go, startling the
world as they thunder along the precipice
and are dashed into foam, and mingle one
and indistinguishable with the humbler
streams of the valley. In this sublime pro-
cess of reducing a world of factitious dis-
tinctions of false and tyrannical elevations
to the water level of *men*—men only in the
sight of God, there must be avalanches,
there must be washes. It is idle to look
for placid seas, wide winds of heaven grap-
ple each other in conflict. Not until the
fact of man's brotherhood is a confessed
fact will the

"War drum throbs no longer,
And the battle flag is buried,
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world."

Aye! though we long for peace with all
the agony of bereaved and shuddering
spirits, permanent peace follows not the
will of man, but the logic of principle.
And they who stand true to principle reach
peace only when they have gone through
the fiery premises and reached the Heav-
enly conclusion.

It is not simply to preserve the Union
that this war is waged on the one hand, or
to conserve the institution of slavery that it
is carried on, on the other. For under our
Union, under this form of free government,
lies a great granite principle, the *brother-
hood* of man and for this we contend. Un-
der slavery lies a flat denial of this brother-
hood, and for that denial, rebels contend.

Let now this denial be triumphant and
by inevitable sequence, slavery and tyr-
anny follow; but let the principle of brother-
hood triumph and it is a double triumph
for freedom and for self-government. And
the armies of our country are the men on
the chess board marshaled by these con-
flicting thoughts. Wherein now lies our
confidence that from these fire waves our
country shall arise one and undivided. It
is the glorious fact that over the commo-
tions of time the Lord rules in the interest
of the brotherhood of man, and that we are
struggling for that brotherhood; that
among the distorted visors of old feudal
monarchies (metallic faces of an older civ-
ilization), our government, an unmasked
child, gives to the world a human face,
clear, simple look of brotherhood. Let us
not indulge the vain and false conceit, that
a republican government is necessarily per-
petual. Let the tomb of old republics
send across the dead wastes of the ages,
their warning to us. Our trust is this; not
that we govern ourselves, but that under
the form of government, the divine thought
will alone confer national immortality, that
all are subjects of a higher king, and that all
wheel into the ranks of one family, whose
watchword is *love*, or must perish by the
way.

wrecks of man's dearest hopes of social
peace and national order.

Who that thinks of the issue, and be-
lieves in a glorious triumph of principle,
can resist the upspring of sacred joy,
even though its waters must well up through
personal grief and desolation.

And so to-day, though amid civil war, we
are thanksgivers, let us say, rejoicing
thanksgivers. But we cannot rest this sub-
ject with the general announcement of our
causes for thankfulness.

Let us count our heads, let us recall our
mercies to-day, and lay them on the
altar of thank offering. For the fruits of
the earth, so bounteous and accessible for
general health within our borders, for tran-
quility at home, notwithstanding the car-
nago on the field of strife, for business
prosperity, and more than usual spiritual
blessings, our offerings are due to the Giv-
er of every gift. And then, looking abroad
through the land, how amid deserved
scourgings, God has remembered mercy.
We thank him to-day, for outpourings of
his spirit on the tented field, for having
mitigated the horrors of civil strife, by the
kindly ministries of grace. We thank him
for christian, and sanitary commissions, we
bless him that woman like a ministering
spirit, has poured upon dying ears, the
balm of heavenly sympathy and offered to
fever parched lips the cooling draught, that
with a steady step, and a loving heart, she
has gone from camp to camp, and cot to
cot, holding in one hand the cordial to
strengthen the body, and in the other the
gospel to comfort the soul.

We thank God for the patriotism of our
army, for the unflinching bravery of our
sons, and brothers, and husbands, in the
day of battle, that true to their country
and true to their place in the ranks of human-
ity, they have stood, and bled and died,
that the honor of our cause has been com-
mitted to men who shrink from no suffer-
ing. And we thank God with all the sym-
pathizing earnestness of our souls, that the
dead broken circles of home, the watchers
there, when the heavy tidings have throb-
bed along the wires like bolts of death,
have bared their breasts to the blow and
shown how "sublime a thing it is to
suffer, and be strong." We thank the al-
mighty for victory; for all our marked suc-
cesses, for Stone River and its turned tide
of battle, for the campaign that lit the
banks of all the Mississippi with signal
fires of triumph, for those five days of suc-
cessive victories that culminated in the
surrender of America's Gibraltar, for all
those mainly blood that cut in twain the
rebel soil, and now for Chattanooga—for
Missionary Ridge and its glorious tri-
umph, for Gettysburg and its graves of
glory and for all the engagements and all the
marches whereby steadily the ill have
contracted preying the day when the ar-
my of the gulf moving northward and army
of the border moving southward, shall blend
in the light of each other's banners and each
their triumphant arms together. And es-
pecially our patriots, shall we not thank
and bless the Lord of hosts for the edict of
freedom, for perverting our eyes to see the
glorious spectacle of three millions of souls
beginning their grand march from the dark-
ness of bondage, through storm clouds of
conflict upward to liberty, prevailing the
time when the whole multitude shall have
wheeled into the ranks of freedom.

For mercies so great, so far reaching in
their influence let columns of praise go up
through those November skies like clouds
of incense to the ruling God.

And so we have come up to Mount Zion
with our offerings, as the old Hebrews
came to the Feast of Tabernacles—their
feast of harvest. Oh! how after every in-
gathering of earth's bounties, the land of
the old covenant was vocal with the songs
of the gathering tribes!

Through the days and months of the year,
each stood in his own lot, defending his
own borders, or sacrificing on his patri-
archal altars; but when the chorus of reapers
had died away from the hills, by heavenly
direction and solemn consent, thankful pil-
grims took up their joyful steps toward the
great altar of the national feast—Naphthali
from his Lebanon ranges on the north, and
Simeon from his desert borders on the south,
and Dan and Manasse from the shore of
the great sea—a vast, jubilant host, going
up through the classic old land of Hebrew
prophecy and Hebrew song, to stand at Je-
rusalem before the God of harvest and lit-
tle Him their orisons and praises as the
voice of many waters and mighty thunder-
ings of joy. Some came from purple vine-
fields and blossoming fig trees, and some
from hills where there was no fruit on the
tree, and where the labor of the olive
failed. Sometimes from wooded borders,
and sometimes from resounding victories,
they came with rejoicing in the God of
their salvation, old prophets, radiant, glad,
like Moses on the mount, and with stream-
ing locks white as the snows of Horon—
stalwart warriors, faces rugged as the rocks,
but shining on that day like "Bethel in
vision of angels"—mothers in Israel, with
lustrous eyes and each clinging to that dear
house woman, a son whose name should be
Messiah: Young men and maidens in fol-
some dance, palm-branches in their hands
and olive wreaths upon their brows, shouting
Miriam's deliverance song, or chanting
plaintive melodies of the exile; boys, girls
and children clapping their hands in child-
like glee, and filling the valleys of the Holy
Land with the sound of their gladsome
voices—a host of thankgivers pressing to-
ward the gleaming spires of their Zion, and
the common altar of their highest, most
sacred praise; and then bringing olive, and
palm, and myrtle, and palm branches from
the mountains, they pitched their evergreen
booths, and kept the holiday of the harvest
feast. And once, says one of the prophets
of the exile, they that were come up out
of the furnace, joined their voices with
very great gladness in the jubilee of Israel.

Behold now we come, the various tribes
of Canaan here, striking hands together
around the common altar of our feast of
harvest. We know no tribal boundaries or
tribal jealousies.

From defending our own borders and
tilling our own fields, up to the Jerusalem
of our national holiday; some on whose
heads the years have sifted their snows;
some from Meribah fields of strife; some
from sacrificial altars, yet reeking with the
blood of Isaac; some from vintage crown-
ed hills, and some from desolate heart-
stones, but with palm branches in every
hand and songs of trust on every lip, the
assembled Israel of God stands to-day on
the Zion Mount of our heritage. Behind
us lie grain field, rich as those of Bonz, and
cleft seas of national trial, and a historic
land like Palestine marked by the footprints
of the Son of God, and up to our ears come
floating to-day the songs of exiles coming in
from captivity and joining our harvest feast.

Before us! Oh, vain is prophesy. Across
the old Hebrew hills, we see in a vision of
the coming ages; redeemed, purified, Is-
rael trooping again, with songs and shouts
of joy to Mount Zion, and the hallowed
feast of harvest. And over the hill tops of
the future, comes there not another vision,
on a continent lashed amid oceans, a re-
deemed, regenerate people, through the
courts of one sacred temple, a time, when
from the historic shores of Plymouth Rock,
to the prophetic gates of the golden west,
from northern snows, to southern spice
groves, they shall come, they shall come,
a glorious brotherhood, to keep lovingly to-
gether the feast of harvest.

A flurry of snow to-day.

BY TELEGRAPH.

REPORTS FOR THE DAILY GAZETTE.
BY WISCONSIN STATE TELEGRAPH LINE,
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To-Day's Report.

[Reported Exclusively for the Daily Gazette.]

MORNING DISPATCHES.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.
A correspondent from the army of the
Potomac says: Jeff. Davis reviewed Lee's
troops yesterday. The roads are now in
tolerable good traveling condition. The
news from Chattanooga, telegraphed from
Washington to headquarters of the army
of the Potomac, as soon as it became
known to the soldiers created the utmost
good feeling along the entire line, and
was received with the wildest enthusiasm.
They are all enthusiastic to follow the brilliant
example of their commanders, and will very
soon have that opportunity.

The Herald's dispatch, dated headquar-
ters army of the Potomac, in the field, Nov.
26th, says: The entire army of the Poto-
mac is moving this morning, and before
this can reach you we shall have had a
fight, unless the enemy shall have taken
the hint and moved towards Richmond.
I never saw the army in better spirits or
condition.

Another army of the Potomac's dispatch
to the Herald, 26th, states that the army
moves at daylight. A battle is expected
at Germania Ford, or at Jacob's Mills,
perhaps at both places.

There is some mud, which to a limited
extent impedes the progress of the artillery
and supply trains, but the roads are cord-
royed, so nothing has been stuck thus far.
It is the first time for a long period that
the army of the Potomac has cut itself
loose from supply stations and moved with
its supply trains laden for a long march.
Never has it been in a better condition to
move with so great celerity as now. Every
pound of baggage and camp equipment
sent to the rear. The weather is magnif-
cent. The last supply for the present, on
the line of the Orange & Alexandria rail-
road were issued to the army late last
night and early this morning.

Tribune's special.—Although Gen. Burn-
side is invested by forces in part on the
north side only of Knoxville, and although
no direct advice have been received from
him during the last two days, it is believed
that the measures that General Grant has
taken for his relief will be successful, and
his assailants will soon find themselves on
the defensive, with a fair prospect of being
taken prisoners or forced into an inglorious
retreat.

A very full semi-official dispatch, de-
scriptive of the operations yesterday in
front of Chattanooga, were received here
to-day. They speak in terms of enthusi-
astic admiration of the conduct of the
troops. This morning Bragg's forces are
massed near Rossville, in front of Chicka-
mauga, to the left of the position just won
by our army.

AFTERNOON DISPATCHES.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.
Headquarters have received a dispatch
from Gen. Grant, dated Chattanooga, Nov.
27th, 10 A. M., stating that the rebels were
routed completely, abandoning wagons and
cannons; pieces of artillery were found
everywhere. Think Bragg's loss in artil-
lery will be fully 60 pieces. A large num-
ber of prisoners were captured. Our
forces will continue the pursuit in the
morning.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.
The Tribune special says it is feared
that the clothing and provisions sent by
our government to the Union prisoners
have never reached them, but have been
sent to Lee's army. One who saw the
prisoners, some 2,000, on their way to Dan-
ville, says they had not a blanket at all,
and were filthy and ragged. It is General
Meredith's opinion, also, that the rebels
have broken faith in this matter.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.
Flour, dull and nominal, 10 1/2 lower; 600A
620 ex. at, 730A 735. 10 1/2. Receipts of
wheat 298,170, dull 2 3/4 lower. 137A 10
Chicago spring; 138A 10 Milwaukee club;
10A 12 Amber Milwaukee; 14A 15 West-
ern red. Western corn receipts 15,937,
heavy 1 1/2 lower 117 spots. Oats 23 1/2 low-
er, dull, 86A 87C the latter for small lots.
Gold 4 1/2; since board 4 3/4. U. S. 6 1/2 81.

